The Fairfield News and Herald.

WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1884.

The Ancient Miner's Story.

Oh, yes, I'm fixed as solid, sir, as most of folks you see;
At least, the coyote, Poverty has ceased to sniff at me;
That mine is worth a million down—that is, it is to-day;
What it might cost to-morrow, though, I couldn't exactly say.

A boy in old Connecticut—this dream I used to hold:
What if the cellar of our house should spring a leak with gold,
And I from there at any time a shining lump could bring!—
I've got a cellar in this rock that's just that sort o' thing.

The sum my father slaved himself for twenty years to pay
I've taken out of that there hole in less than half a day;
If I could lead him up yon path, I'd make him smile, at least;
But his old labor-hardened hands are moldering in the East.

I'd pack my mother up this hill, and open to her view
Enough to give a benefit to all the poor she knew;
I'd pan a heap o' happiness out of her dear old face;
But mother's struck a lead of gold in quite a different place.

My girl? Well, maybe this is soft; but since the question's put,
(I wouldn't tell it to any one except a "tenderfoot"),
We used to climb those Eastern hills (she was a charming witch),
And prospect on what we would do when I had "struck it rich."

But her old father hadn't the heart to let us marry poor,
So I shook off Yankee dust and took a Western tour.
My trip, it lasted several years. The old man grieved, no doubt,
I swore I never would come back till I could buy him out.

You don't know what it is to hunt and dig from day to day,
To strike a vein that almost shows, then dodges clean away,
You do? Well, yes; but have you starved, and begged, and almost died,
With treasures that you couldn't find heaped up on every side?

And then her letters wandered, like; then tapered to an end;
I wondered on it for a while, then wrote a schoolboy friend;
And just as I had struck this mine, and my old heart beat high,
There came a letter up the gulch—it was my friend's reply.

"She's been a-wandering in her mind; the other afternoon
She went within the asylum walls, as crazy as a loon."

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A rush across the barren plains, a snailish railroad ride,
And I was in the asylum, too, a-kneeling at her side.

I thought she knew me, just at first; but soon she shrank away,
And never looked at me again, whatever I might say.
She wanders round, or crouches in a western window niche,
And says "My love will come to me when he has 'struck it rich.'"

No word or look for me. Oh, but the Eastern hills were cold!
And something seemed to always say, "Go back and love your gold!"
And I came back; and in this hut my purpose is to stay—
A miser with his treasure bright already stowed away.

I'm President, cashier, and board of quite a wealthy bank,
With none except myself to please—and no one else to thank;
But nothing makes my heart beat fast—and I am growing old.
With not a thing to love or leave except this pile of gold.

But I have learned a thing or two; I know, as sure as fate,
When we lock up our lives for wealth, the gold key comes too late;
And that I'm poorer now than through those happy days in which
I owned a heart, and did not know that I had struck it rich.

—Will Carlton.

A LAST RESOURCE.

Fannie Gerrard was engaged to be married to Harry Raymond, the nephew of a wealthy physician, whose extensive practice was expected soon to descend to his young relative. In the meantime, Harry went off on a long sea-voyage with an invalid friend, leaving a betrothal ring on the little white hand of the lovely girl who had promised to be his wife when he returned.

The ring was handsome and unique, with its splendid solitaire, and their combined initials in tiny diamonds, imbedded inside the golden hoop; and of course Fannie valued it for its beauty, as well as for the love of which it was the pledge. But when news came to her that the ship in which her lover sailed had not been heard of for many weeks, and that it was considered lost, having been last spoken in latitudes where a terrific hurricane had done fearful damage, then the ring became a sacred thing to her, as the last gift of the dead.

Fate had brought other trials to the poor girl since the loss of her lover. Her father had died, and subsequently her mother's money, upon which they were almost dependent, had been swallowed up in a bank failure.

It became necessary for Fannie to eke out the small remaining income by turning her accomplishments to account. This she did cheerfully, and even thankfully; but, with all her efforts to be economical, necessity bore hardly upon the small household of which she was now the sole stay.

It was then that the thought of parting with her precious ring occurred to her for the first time, although all her other jewels had gone long since. The idea came to her with a sharp pang that was almost an agony; but having once come to her, it became a settled purpose.

"I need no reminder to keep me true to his memory," she murmured, while heavy tears overflowed through the long, curling lashes, and fell, glittering rivals, upon the diamond which she raised to her lips, and kissed again and again with passionate fervor.

Having made up her mind to the sacrifice, Fannie put on her drooping hat, and tied a black veil tightly over her fair, sensitive face; then, with rapid steps, she left the house and hastened to a jeweler's, at the windows of which she had often stopped to admire the dazzling contents.

"Is it your own?" asked the old man, with a searching look in his keen, grey eyes at the young girl, who had made her request in such low and trembling tones.

"Oh, yes!" she answered, simply, unconscious of suspicion. "It was my engagement ring," and she colored faintly, then paled again with painful thoughts.

"It is a very valuable one for you," the jeweler continued, slipping it on the first joint of his finger, and glancing at Fannie's neat but decidedly shabby raiment.

"The gentleman was rich and so was I, then," she answered, quietly, checking her rising indignation with the self-control which experience had taught her.

Then looking into her questioner's face, and finding it to be a kind and fatherly one, notwithstanding some hardness of expression, she told him her story in an impulsive burst of confidence.

"The gentleman to whom I was engaged to be married went away on a long voyage and was lost at sea," she said; "and then my father died and left us poor, so that I have been obliged to sell my jewels. I kept this till the last. Will you please to buy it, sir?"

The old man, being a Scotchman, said:

"Umph, umph!" and polishing his spectacles, murmured "Puir lassie!"

Then he told her he would value her ring, give her a receipt, for which she had not thought of asking, and told her to come back in the morning.

About ten minutes after Fannie Gerrard left Dugald Blaikie's shop a young man walked up the street with long, rapid strides, watching the passers-by and the objects around with a half-curious, half-familiar, and wholly pleased attention.

He was a tall, handsome young fellow, with a bronzed face, long curling moustache, and a pair of fine, observant blue eyes, looking out from under magnificent eyebrows, and lids heavily fringed like a girl's.

He entered Mr. Blaikie's shop, and drew out his watch.

"I wish you would be good enough to examine this watch of mine," he said pleasantly. "Something has gone wrong with it all of a sudden. No sooner do I arrive at home, safe and sound, than it becomes refractory, after serving me faithfully through 'hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field'—especially by flood! I hope it is not ominous?"

And the returned traveler laughed as he handed the time-piece to the old man.

"Nothing more alarming than a broken main-spring," replied Mr. Blaikie, smiling. "We will have it ready for you to-morrow, sir."

And then as he watched the stranger go out, with his youthful, swinging stride, his mind recurred to the girl who had told him of the lover "lost at sea," and he sighed over his work.

Harry Raymond had not gone far before he was accosted by the ringing voice of an old friend.

"Hallo, Raymond, old fellow! Where in the name of all that's wonderful have you sprung from? Why, dear boy, everyone believes you long since at the bottom of the sea, or blown away by all sorts of simoons, typhoons, or whatever you call 'em!"

"Blown away as much as you like, old boy," laughed Raymond, wringing his companion's hand heartily, "but not under water yet, as you see. But, come—give me some land news, won't you? This is my first day in London, and I haven't seen anyone yet. How is—everybody?"

"Well, much as usual, I expect. But come over to my rooms, and maybe I can be more definite."

The young man slipped his arm through Raymond's, and they sauntered on together.

"Oh, by-the-way," said Jack Gordon, suddenly bursting in on one of his own speeches, "you have just turned up in time to be too late for the marriage of an old sweetheart of yours—Fannie Gerrard. Married an old chap with heaps of money, too."

"What—what did you say?" said Harry, clutching the arm that lay on his, and stopping short in the street.

"I said that your old flame, Fannie Gerrard, was married yesterday to old Mr. Roberts, the millionaire. Why, what's the matter? What are you staring at? You look as if you had seen a ghost!"

Harry Raymond drew his hand across his face once or twice before he replied.

"I beg your pardon!" he said. "I have just remembered an important engagement! I—I will have to leave you now."

"Oh, I'm sorry! But, never mind! Drop in in the evening, and have a chat. Good-bye, for the present! Delighted to have met you!"

And Jack disappeared around a corner, savagely condemning his "long tongue" and thinking all kinds of hard things of the girl who could so soon forget a fellow like Raymond.

Harry Raymond walked on with bent head and downcast eyes. All the animation and brightness were gone from his face—all interest in his surroundings banished by a few careless words.

"Married!" he repeated—"married to another, and my heart true to her through all! Oh, fickle, faithless heart of woman!"

And, with a harsh, bitter laugh, he drew his hat over his brows and strode on, he knew not whither, until night found him in his own rooms, worn out by fatigue and misery.

"Why am I here?" he groaned, his head buried in his arms, which were wildly thrown out upon a table. "Why did I fight so desperately for my life when danger assailed it? Why? For her sake! Fool, fool! to fancy she would grieve for me! Ah, would to Heaven I had gone down with my more fortunate comrades!"

And so passed the first night of Harry Raymond's return home.

When Fannie Gerrard entered the jeweler's next morning, she was somewhat embarrassed to find a young gentleman talking to Mr. Blaikie, and withdrew shyly to the furthest end of the counter.

The old gentleman, recognising her at once, bowed pleasantly, and in a few moments came to wait upon her.

"I will buy your ring for fifteen pounds," he said. "Will you part with it for that?"

Fannie's face showed her disappointment.

"I thought it was worth more than that—intrinsically," she said. "Twice as much, at least."

The Scotchman shook his head, and pressed his lips together, for although he was interested in the "puir lassie," he did not forget the precept that "beezness is beezness."

Fannie's eyes filled with tears. She was the most unmercenary of human beings; but how paltry the sum appeared compared with her valuation of the ring!

She looked at it with longing eyes, half-tempted not to make the sacrifice at all, when she was startled by a voice beside her:

"I will buy the ring for twice as much, since the lady is so anxious to obtain a good price for it!"

Well did Fannie Gerrard know that voice, though never before had she heard it ring with the contemptuous scorn as now it fell upon her ear.

With a strong inclination to scream, which she suppressed to a gasp, she turned and involuntarily held out both hands, while a look of mingled amazement, delight and love shone in her face. Then meeting nothing but a strange smile of scornful bitterness upon the features that had become to her those of a saint, and where, hitherto, she had seen naught but glowing tenderness, she drew back as though stung.

One piteous look she gave toward the old man who stood watching his strange patrons with an absorbed interest, then she shuddered, reeled, and would have fallen to the floor, had not Mr. Blaikie caught her in his arms.

He bore her into an adjoining room, and calling his daughter, left the fainting girl in her care and returned to where Harry Raymond stood, with a pale, set face, gnawing his moustache.

"Is the young lady better? I am a physician. Can I be of any use professionally?"

"So you are her lover—the lad who was lost at sea?" said Dugald Blaikie, not noticing his question.

"What do you know about me—or her?" Raymond asked sharply.

"Enough to know that you have caused sufficient trouble and grief by your absence, without breaking the bairn's heart altogether, now that you have come back. Hech, mon," continued Dugal, falling into broad Scotch under the influence of excitement, "na lad ever had less cause for cauldness or suspeecion."

Harry Raymond's lip trembled and his face flushed.

"You do not understand," he said. "She was my betrothed wife, and I return to find her—married."

"Married!" exclaimed Dugal, blankly.

"Yes, married to a wealthy dotard; and anxious to get rid of that ring, lest she should be disturbed by its unpleasant associations."

And as he thus expressed this suggestion of his fevered fancy, his voice was raised in resentful passion.

The bewildered girl heard the words, and standing in the doorway with a face of marble pallor, and her slender figure proudly erect, she said,—

"You are strangely mistaken, Mr. Raymond. I am not married, nor ever have been. I wished to sell my ring because I was in absolute need of money. However, it is yours now, without any equivalent!"

And with a haughty bend of the head, she would have passed him by; but Harry suddenly turned and caught her in his arms, and before she could protest, she was seated on the sofa, with her repentant lover at her feet.

"Oh, forgive me, darling—pray forgive me!" he pleaded. "I was hastening to find you immediately on my arrival, when I was told that you were recently married! But I was mad—wicked, to doubt you, and I throw myself on your mercy!"

And he seized the little hands, nervously clasped together, and covered them with kisses.

"It was my cousin," she answered, reproachfully.

"Ah! but I knew naught of her, and to me, sweetheart, there is but *one* Fannie Gerrard in all the wide world!"

And as he then proceeded to clasp that particular one to his heart, she was obliged to accept the cunning excuse and forgive him.

Fannie still wears her diamond ring, though Dugald Blaikie has since supplied her with a plain gold one, that she values yet more highly.

The Kinds of Life Not Worth Living.

A life of mere money-getting is always a failure, because you will never get as much as you want. The poorest people in this country are the millionaires, and next to them those who have $500,000. There is not a scissors grinder in New York or Brooklyn so anxious to make money as those men who have piled up fortunes for years. The disease of accumulation has eaten into them. That is not a life worth living. There are too many earthquakes in it, too many shipwrecks, too many perditions. They build their castles and open their picture galleries and make every inducement for happiness to come, but she will not.

So also a life that chiefly strives for worldly approval is a failure. The two most unfortunate men in the United States for the next six months will be the two presidential nominees. Two great reservoirs of malediction have been gradually filling up, and about midsummer they will be brimming full, and a hose will be attached to them and they will begin to play on the two nominees, and they will have to stand and take it—the falsehood, the caricature, the venom, the filth, and they will be rolled over in it and choked with it. To win that privilege a hundred candidates are striving.

The same thing is seen on a smaller scale in the strife for social position. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary; but wealth, or the show of wealth, is absolutely indispensable. It don't make any difference how you get your wealth, if you only get it. Perhaps you get it by failing four or five times—the most rapid way of accumulation in this country. If a man fails once he is not so very well off; but if he fails twice he is comfortable, and by the time he fails three times he is affluent. But when you really lose your money, how quick they drop you! High social life is constantly in a change—insecurity dominant, wretchedness dominant, and a life not worth living.—*Dr. Talmage.*

The Fashion in Dogs.

One of the commonest studies of man in New York is woman in her fashionably changeful aspects. She is a kaleidoscope for shifting her bits of sweetness and light at every turn of the seasons. It is not three months since she led a pug dog in her Fifth avenue promenades. The brute's neck was bigger than his peculiar brainless head, and so there had to be a harness around his body to attach the leading string to, while the mistress daintily held the other end. The pug has been already put aside into disfavor. Of course she loves him still and cherishes him in the retirement of home, but he has been superseded as a pet for publicity, and the dog she now leads is a huge mastiff. The hitching point at his end of the cord is a mere collar, and the harness is on her own person. Sometimes it is a wide bracelet of stamped or embossed leather, with a staple in it, and at others it is a belt. In either case the utility of the device lies in relieving the hands from the tiresome strain of holding the canine giant. However, there is artfulness, too, in the matter of the belt. Please consider a slip of a girl, weighing no more than a hundred pounds, even if we admit the unreasonable proposition that she does not wing her way along angelically, instead of stepping solidly on the earth like any other ordinary mortal. Then picture to yourself a dog outweighing her by half. His collar has more circumference than her belt. Between these two circlets is a cord, kept taut by the straining ahead of the dog and the resistance of the girl. Don't you see that the contrast afforded by the two creatures is all to the advantage of the two-legged against the four-legged? Is it not clear to you that the sturdiness and dullness of the one makes an effective background for the frailty and brightness of the other?—*New York Cor. Baltimore American.*

There is one official in a great English library who knows how to do a pleasant thing. A distinguished novelist one day received a package containing an exceedingly worn and soiled copy of one of his own stories. With it came a letter fresh from the librarian explaining that he had sent the book to show its author how much his work was appreciated in the provinces.

The Wrong Path.

An English scientific person is engaged in teaching his dog to read, and a German scientific person, wholly disregarding the finer feeling of his dog, has actually succeeded in teaching him to speak a few words of German. These two facts are supposed to justify the hope that in time dogs will be able to converse freely with men and read our books. It does not seem to have occurred to the scientific people who are striving to bring this about that it would be simpler for them to learn the dog language than it is to teach dogs English or German.

The language of the dog is not a difficult one. Most people foolishly imagine that a dog makes but one remark—"bow-wow-wow." In like manner a grossly ignorant person, on hearing two Japanese conversing in their own language, would imagine that Japanese consists only of a few almost inarticulate sounds. In point of fact, the dog not only has a large vocabulary of spoken words, but he adds to these a system of gestures by the aid of which he can express almost any thought. His tail alone is more elegant than a Spanish woman's fan, and he can conduct a long evening's conversation with his nose and ears. A man of ordinary intelligence, studying under an accomplished dog, can, by the aid of the Meisterschaft system, learn the language in less than three months, while it would probably take years to teach a dog to read English words of one syllable, or to speak correctly a dozen words of English.

It is pleasant to find that the scientific world has discovered the importance of establishing free communication between men and dogs. There is very much that dogs can teach us. A profound Newfoundland dog, well versed in his native philosophy, could deliver a lecture on "the intuitive cognition of tramps at the back door" which would far surpass in depth and interest the best philosophical writings of Sir William Hamilton; and the British bull-dog could give us instructions in Carlylism which would enable every man to be his own Carlyle. The views of rats and cats entertained by able terriers would seem extremely novel were they presented to the public. The terrier does not disapprove of rats and mice *per se.* On the contrary, he often feels respect and even admiration for a really beautiful and accomplished cat, but for all that he shakes her up at the first opportunity. The reason is that every terrier who is able-bodied and of good moral character is a member of a secret oath-bound association devoted to the extermination of rats and cats. This association originated ages ago, and the terriers have perpetuated it, doubtless because of their reverence for tradition. The terrier puppy, who is sworn into the association on two crossed tails of deceased cats, is not at liberty to give quarter to any animal of the cat or rat species, but he seldom has any active personal hatred of them.

The misunderstandings between dogs and men which are now so frequent would be almost entirely avoided could all speak the dog language. How often does a man to whom a strange dog affably wishes good-morning imagine that he is insulted and about to be attacked, and how familiar is the spectacle of the timid man cowering because a terrier has, without the least idea of hostility, simply touched the man's leg with his teeth in order to ascertain if he has any late information as to the whereabouts of cats. The motives of dogs are so often misconstrued that it is greatly to be desired that both men and dogs should speak the same language, and thus dwell together in peace and confidence.

A Famous Gambling House.

Pendleton's gambling house was one of the sights of Washington before the war. The entrance was through a narrow, lighted hallway, opening from the avenue near the National hotel. A pair of stairs at the farther end of the hall were closed half way up by a door fastened on the inside. A lattice was opened on the ringing of the bell, and a colored man scrutinized the new-comers to see if all was right. If there was no apparent objection the door was opened, and the visitor proceeded up stairs, where there was a large front parlor, elegantly furnished, with a center table on which were the leading newspapers and magazines of the country. Around it one generally found several gentlemen, some of them members of Congress, reading and discussing the news of the day. The back parlor was more luxuriously furnished, and at one end, in a massive gilt frame, was a life-like picture of a huge tiger, with fiery eyes and open mouth, apparently ready for a spring on his unsuspecting victim. Beneath this picture was a table on which was the lay out of a faro bank. In a box were piles of bank bills and gold pieces of different denominations, and in another box were the "chips," circular pieces of ivory, inscribed "$1," "$5," "$25" and "$250," which were purchased by players as a matter of convenience, and redeemed by the banker at the end of each game. There was a supper-room where a free supper was served every night. The cook was the best in Washington, and at Pendleton's those who did not fancy the poor fare at the hotels and the worse eating at the private boarding houses, could feast on turtle soup, oysters, terrapin, canvas-back ducks and venison. The best of wines and liquors were also supplied. Mr. Pendleton belonged to an old Virginia family, and his wife, who lived on Capitol hill, went in the best society. After his death President Buchanan attended his funeral.—*Ben Perley Poore.*

Our Leisure Classes.

"Aw, well, don't you know," said the distinguished titled Englishman who was being entertained at a prominent club the other afternoon, "What I miss here in this country is the existence of people who are not in business and money-making—you have no leisure class here, don't you know." And his friend told him he was altogether mistaken; and, when they went out for a stroll on the street, pointed out to him an organ-grinder, who was playing dolefully upon his lugubrious instrument, and piloting a monkey up the side of a house after pennies, while a crowd of several hundred lined both sidewalks and filled the roadway, and when the performer and his companion moved on accompanied them in a body. And later the pair observed ninety-seven persons watching five men who hoisted a safe into a four-story window, and eighty-six others who killed time by inspecting a dozen Irishmen engaged in digging a cellar. And the Englishman expressed himself as having gained a new notion of American society, and learned that the leisure class flourished in this country to a most extraordinary degree.—*Boston Journal.*

The Vision of a Dinner Pail.

A portly but amiable old gentleman, with a shiny silk hat pushed back upon his ruddy forehead, and a reckless profusion of gold watch-chain dangling from his waistcoat pocket, leaned against a post on the Montague street pier, in Brooklyn, shortly before noon, and with lazy interest watched the loading of a big clipper ship with merchandise from the neighboring warehouses. The glitter of wind-tossed foam shone in his eyes from the troubled expanse of water out in the Bay, and the labored puff of a little hoisting-engine on the pier and the droning call of a sailor on the ship's deck made music in his indifferent ears. As he stood there indolently watching the scene something down behind a big dirty hogshead glittered in the sun and caught his eye. Years and years ago, in the far off past, he had seen just such a glittering at noontime on many a weary day, and he could not mistake it now. It was that white and penetrating dazzle caused by the unrelenting sun shining clear and full upon a workingman's tin dinner-pail. Once seen such an illumination can never be forgotten. The portly old gentleman took a fresh brace against the post and gazed blinkingly at the radiant magazine of dyspepsia. It was the regulation dinner-pail, with two rings around it and a small tin coffee cup fitted over a tin cylinder on the greasy cover.

A wave of memory seemed to sweep up and take possession of the old gentleman, for a smile broke across his face, and he went over to the big hogshead and gazed vacantly down at the white tin pail. Then he sat on the edge of the wharf in the lee of the hogshead, and dangled his feet over the water. A moment later he put out his hand timidly, and touched the tin pail. There was no illusion, it was a genuine dinner-pail, such as the Pilgrim Fathers might have carried in their war of extermination against the basket-carrying Quakers of New England. There seemed to be an affinity between the dinner-pail and the old man, for in a short time the cover came off and his hand went into it on a tour of investigation. A tin tank of black coffee came out, and underneath was a slab of cold boiled beef as thick as a board. The old gentleman forgot his shiny silk hat and his elaborate gold watch chain, and drifted back somewhere in the past, when life was young, when the burden was heavy and ambition strong. He held the pail between his well-clad knees, and taking up the slab of beef in both hands began to eat like a half-starved Indian. A chunk of bread of home-made stability came next and followed the boiled beef. Then an egg was found.

"This is something like, this is," said the portly old gentlemen, in glee, as he shulked off the shell and laid bare the greenish-yellow color of the solid yolk. "That's the way to boil an egg!"

Two cold boiled potatoes, soggy with much cooking, went the way of the other things. Then the home-made mince pie was poised for a moment in air. It disappeared, and the pail was empty.

"Look-a-here, you old duffer, whose dinner have you been eating?" demanded the big, heavy voice of a laboring man who at that moment hove in sight from behind the hogshead.

The amiable but portly old gentleman struggled to his feet. "Yours, I suppose," he answered calmly, flecking the crumbs from his coat with a white silk handkerchief. "Why, do you know," he continued, as the laboring man made ready to explode with wrath, "d'ye know I haven't had such a genuine home-made dinner since I swung the pick and shovel on the first section of the Union Pacific Railroad years ago. There! Don't swear! It's all right. Come up to my house on Pierrepont street and my cook shall give you my dinner. Fair exchange, you know. It's an even chance whether you get the gout or I get the dyspepsia—a mere toss up, I might say. Come along."

And the honest laboring man, wiping his hands on a piece of waste and polishing his face on his coat sleeve, went with great alacrity.—*New York Times.*

"A Dream in Marble."

That beautiful dream in marble will stand in my memory, tinted with the rose of dawn beneath which I first beheld it, and flushed with the soft evening sun when I parted from it, and between the dawn and moonrise, as I returned to it again and again, I beheld not one Taj, but several. As the statue at Menon was said to emit music when the sun touched it, one may say without fable that the changing sky of the day brings forth varied architectural harmonies from the Taj. Now it is of the faintest snow-blue tint, now purest white, and again pink in its response to dawn or sunset. One cannot see it of a sudden. I met an intelligent lady at the hotel who was disappointed in the Taj. Toward the evening I met her seated before the edifice in speechless admiration. It is vain to attempt to describe this wonderful monument or tell the secrets of its fascination. The Taj occupied 50,000 men twenty-two years, and cost £3,174,802, and it was a small expenditure to give the earth such a jewel on her zone. It would require a volume to explain the flora of the Taj alone. In its mosaic ornamentation the rarest flowers and leaves are traceable, and the way in which these things twine and frame the sentences of the Koran remind one of the pleasant fact that the materials of the ancient literature were the leaves, bark or tablets of trees, still preserved in the words by which we call them paper, library, book.

At the gateway to the park of the Taj there is a very interesting little museum of Buddhist and Jain antiquities discovered in the neighborhood. Some of these are very striking. Among them are Hindu deities, who seemed to have laid aside much of their sensual and fierce aspect, and I think one might in this museum trace the growth of some new religious movement through modification of Krishna and Vishnu up to the flower of them all—Buddha himself. Beside the Taj flows the Jumna, on whose banks Krishna dwelt among the cowherds and milkmaids, charmed the lowly with his lute and danced with the rustic beauties those marvelous dances where each believed that he was her partner. It is a peaceful, languid river, with alternating meadows and sandy beaches, where in the bright warm morning the mild-eyed lotus eaters were visible, seated on the yellow sand or bathing in the sacred stream. The whole landscape was a picture of pastoral beauty.—*Moncure D. Conway.*

A student of Yale college has just been expelled for stealing books. That's the last thing in the world we should have expected a Yale student would steal.

THE MASSACRE OF CAWNPORE.

A Visit to the Scene of "The Blackest Crime in Human History."

Cawnpore is a thriving manufacturing city of some 125,000 inhabitants. In commercial importance it is only second to Calcutta and Bombay. It furnishes the railroads centering there with more traffic than any two or three interior towns put together. Its greatest notoriety, however, is associated with its past. Here was perpetrated what many have called "the blackest crime in human history," the horrible Cawnpore massacre.

I shall only review the scenes of the massacre which are necessary in connection with my visitation of the scenes which it involved.

Early one morning after Chota Hazree, I rode over to the Memorial Church in company with a citizen. The Memorial church, as its name implies, is an edifice of the State religion, erected near the scene of the memorable defense of General Wheeler. The church is a splendid European-built structure, with memorial tablets, exquisite tile floors, and all the appointments of a high toned house of worship. Indeed, the building is so modern and elegant, without regard to the climate, that in summer it is found impossible to use it. Summer services, by the way, commence at 6 o'clock in the morning in this part of the country, universally.

Just without the church was the intrenchment of 1857, a miserable mud wall about four feet high, every vestige of which has now disappeared. Here 1,000 persons defended themselves for twenty-two days against the hottest kind of fire from thousands of pagan foes. Of the number 556 were women and children and only 440 men. The suffering of these women and children was almost beyond belief. They had no shelter save such as their distraught male protectors could improvise for them. The thermometer went up to 140 degrees in the shade, and the sun's rays penetrated every part of the intrenchment. Many perished from sunstroke or disease. Their food was scarcely sufficient to keep them alive. When they wanted water they had to risk their lives by venturing out to a well, which is still to be seen here, in plain view of the enemy. Shot and shell wrought sad havoc until the 27th of June, when the men ordered a semi-surrender, chiefly on account of the dying women and children. Nana Sahib, leader of the Sepoy mutineers, had promised to honorably conduct the party to the Ganges, embark them and send them down the river in perfect safety.

Accordingly the people who were not sick emerged from the entrenchment and confided themselves to the protection of the treacherous Nana. It was understood that the sick should be returned for.

The eager prisoners marched down to the river, and embarked from the Gate Chowra Ghat. No sooner had they been loaded upon the boats than hundreds of unseen natives opened fire upon them. Their boats were stranded and though they did their best to return the fire and get off, they could but become easy victims of this, the foulest instance of treachery in military history. Only three men in all that company of 1,000 escaped death, and but 206 women and children were left. Among the massacred were a few Americans.

These 206 women and children were then dragged to a building which has gone down into history as the House of Massacre. They were crowded into two small rooms, twenty by ten feet in dimensions, and kept there until July 15th, when, by the order of this same Nana, they were every one slaughtered. Nana had heard of Gen. Havelock's advance, and while he boasted of the strength to vanquish him in battle, he gave orders that this most shocking deed should be carried into execution, lest by any chance a rescue should be effected. But even the cruel Sepoys rebelled at the thought of such a crime and Nana had to hire five butchers of the city to enter the house and carry out his will professionally. This they did, and the five men consumed an hour and a half in taking 206 lives. They were paid one rupee per victim, or in American money, about $85 jointly, for the bloody deed.

Then by order of Nana, the bodies were dragged to a well in the immediate vicinity, and cast down, the dying with the dead, into its crimson waters, fifty feet below.

It is a matter of regret to every sympathetic traveler to know that this inhuman monster Nana soon after disappeared, and has never since been heard of; so that he probably escaped the punishment he deserved.

When Gen. Havelock, the pious soldier, arrived at Cawnpore and repaired to this Assembly Room, he found that he was just thirty-six hours too late. The floor was still nearly ankle deep with coagulated blood, while shreds of flesh and tufts of hair told of the barbarous violence that had been administered. The cuts on the walls that had been made by the butchers' knives were low down, showing how the poor victims had crouched before their assailants. In the meantime the sick who had been left behind in the intrenchment had also been slaughtered. There were many other massacres in the country around that were as shocking, but none that were so wholesale. I have talked with men who saw as mere boys the forms of European women cut open, a bottle of gunpowder inserted while they were still alive, and then the whole body blown to atoms.

How different is the Cawnpore of to-day. These scenes that were so bloody in 1857 are now the fairest spots in India. Loving hands and an appreciative government have caused lovely flowers to spring up out of the ground that was so drenched with innocent blood, and marble memorials tell the sad story.—*Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

A lady writer in the *Rural New Yorker* says: "A mother who allows her boys to grow up ignorant of wholesome cookery and the fine art of sewing fails in her duty. Henry Ward Beecher's mother taught him at an early age to sew; and for lads full of activity, who cannot be kept quiet, sewing is an excellent pastime for discipline. If boys sewed more and romped less, the girls sewed less and romped more, the gain would be mutual. Then, too, if every member of the family knows how to prepare a meal the relief to the mother or wife is almost immeasurable."

The roc was the boss bird of his day. "Sinbad, the sailor," knew something of it—in his mind. Marco Polo heard of him in Madagascar, and declared that it was like the eagle, measuring sixteen paces from wing to wing. But the Persian authorities give the wildest account. They represent him as carrying an elephant in his beak and one in each of his claws.

High Style on Wheels.

I crossed Madison square and wandered far up Fifth avenue, with the palaces of the millionaires on either hand. Here there was a change of scene. There were not a great many people on the sidewalks, but the street was crowded with superb equipages, in which the wives and daughters of the millionaires were airing themselves. The carriages were all of the open sort, so that those who rode in them could get the full benefit of the fresh air and see and be seen to the best advantage. I perceived no disposition to hide any lights under a bushel. The horses were such as would fill the heart of my old friend Dr. Ferris, of Fort Bond, with delight. Their well-groomed skins glittered in the sun almost as brightly as the gold and silver trappings on the harness and carriages. Almost every carriage had one or two postilions behind—I believe that is what they call them—and a driver in front. All of these were dressed in handsome frock-coats of black cloth, buttoned up to their throats. They wore snowy-white gloves and silk hats with cockades of black feathers, which were fastened to the hats with large buttons of silver. Their pants were what are called knee-pants, I believe—after the style of Oscar Wilde and the Revolutionary fathers. They were generally of a yellow color, had a row of glittering buttons down each leg, and fitted so tightly that they seemed to me to be constantly on the point of bursting. Of course, they wore stockings below their knees. They wore boots also, with low and broad tops, from which a number of pretty silk tassels hung down. The postilions sat like statues on their seats, with their arms crossed in an exceedingly dignified manner on their breasts. They seemed never to speak a word or to move their heads, or even bat their eyes. They looked steadily ahead, and so solemnly that I couldn't help but wonder what the devil they were thinking about. They seemed to me the very picture of dignity on a monument: yet, in spite of all that, I could not help but believe that they felt themselves to be asses. I am sure I would feel so if I were in their places. Their special duty, so far as I could make it out, seemed to be to march up to the heads of the horses and stand there like statues while the carriages stopped. The ladies in the carriages were not so solemn by a good deal. On the contrary, they left all the solemnity and dignity to be used by the postilions. They chatted and laughed merrily, and bowed and waved graceful recognitions to their acquaintances whom they saw on the street. Bless me! it was all fine, very fine, even including the solemn postilions.—*Cor. Galveston News.*

A Pen Picture of Sam Ward.

Stephen Fiske, in his just published "Off-Hand Portraits of Prominent New Yorkers," thus makes a pen-picture of Sam Ward: "Dropping in at Sutherland's restaurant one day to enjoy some wild trout, which is cooked there to perfection, we noticed sitting alone at a table near us a short, stout old gentleman, with a ruddy, pleasant face, a bald head, fringed with silver gray, round, shrewd, intelligent eyes, and a closely-trimmed gray mustache. At first sight he might have been mistaken for a retired colonel of the French army, and he certainly seemed to be enjoying his dinner with French gusto. But between the plates he read by snatches from a little book, which, when he laid it down to resume his knife and fork, we saw was an edition of Horace in the original Latin. John Sutherland himself, with all the dignity of a Scotch laird, waited upon this literary gourmet, who feasted upon the best of viands and the best of epicurean poetry together. 'That gentleman,' said we, as Mr. Sutherland passed to give some order to the waiters, 'must be Sam Ward.' The reading diner looked up from his book, as if he had heard his name, bowed a recognition, and renewed a former acquaintance. When our seat had been changed to Sam Ward's table we protested against the introduction of a book during dinner. 'I agree with you,' said Mr. Ward pleasantly; 'but I do not like to dine alone, and when I have no other friend present, I invite my Horace.'"

A Bit of Timely Philosophy.

Happy is the man these days who holds no stocks in railroads, car companies, banks and other transitory enterprises of this fleeting world. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," said the Savior, looking down serenely from the hill on the humble people of the world around him, and on the earth, the enjoyment of which was their sure possession. Quite likely he uttered those words in the spring time, certainly in some open season when multitudes could follow him and listen to outdoor teaching. There is a wealth of comfort and even luxury in enjoying the freshness of spring, its familiar but ever mysterious development and its clothing on of nature. "Those who thus "inherit the earth" can afford to be indifferent to anything more than a fair competence, a comfortable livelihood, from the money counters of the world. Many who are far from humble in circumstances are so cumbered with the cares of the world and crusted over with sated appetites that they have a very pitiful share in the inheritance in the simple pleasures of life. A happy home, in modest circumstances and sensibilities, alive to all the innocent delights of life, are more comforting to the hearts of men than any amount of fortune-chasing amid the vicissitudes of Wall street.—*Springfield Republican.*

Keep Your Lips.

In the desire to make a girl feel at home and pleased with her place, the young housekeeper is sometimes apt to take her too closely into her confidence, especially if she is a pleasant girl and useful in the house. But it is a very dangerous practice and almost always makes trouble. All may go well enough while she is with you, but in the chances and changes of life she may and probably will drift into some other kitchen, where all the news she has gathered in yours may be rehearsed without stint. She will not discriminate with regard to those things you have enjoined her "not to tell." In fact, these will likely be the first points "fished out" of her by some meddlesome woman. There is a surprising enjoyment in being the first to "tell news," and an inexperienced, undisciplined girl will rarely be found who can resist the temptation.

You can treat a girl with perfect kindness and yet not give yourself into her power. Keep your own counsel about your own affairs. Do not let her sympathy or great interest beguile you into relating what you are not quite willing to have told over in other places.—*Rural New Yorker.*

GLEANINGS.

England's army contains 63,050 Englishmen, 14,415 Irishmen, and 2,456 Scotchmen.

There are 81,717 clergymen and 17,267,878 church communicants in the United States.

The black poodle, with his hair shaved into knobs, is the correct thing in canines in England just now.

The great organ at Westminster Abbey, which has been reconstructed, is said to be now one of the largest and finest instruments in Europe.

According to the Napa (Cal.) *Reporter*, not only is the opium habit prevalent among the young men of the town, but a few girls are also opium fiends.

New York city is to have a new park which will be on the picturesque heights beyond High Bridge, and including the romantic cliff overlooking the Harlem valley.

Business is pretty poor in the diamond fields of South Africa. A man who refused $1,500,000 for his claim two years ago would be willing to sell it now for $5.

An engraver at Versailles is said to affirm that he has discovered a method for taking photographs in colors, being able thus to reproduce the color of the individual or landscape photographed.

An egg, measuring ten and one-quarter by eight inches, was the curio a Gridley, Cal., hen laid last week. When broken open, two perfect eggs, each in a separate shell, were discovered inside.

The society news of the Sparta *Georgian* reports the visit of Mr. Edwin Swint to that town, wearing the same ruffled shirt in which he was married twenty-two years ago—a fine-looking shirt to this day.

There is a clause in the Missouri game law which prohibits non-residents shooting game within the state. The law has been found a nuisance to the sportsmen of that state, and efforts are being made to have it repealed.

Emile Zola denounces current English fiction as sickly sentimentalism, "catering exclusively for young girls," but he may console himself with the reflection that his own books are by no means calculated for that class of readers.

Tennyson was thought to have touched bottom when he descended to take a place in the order to which Lord St. Leonards belonged, but an American publisher has had the cheek to offer him £20,000—not to read or to lecture, but to exhibit himself for three months in this country.

The Luke Voorhees cattle range of Wyoming is the largest in the world, no doubt. It comprises 1,000,000 acres of land, 40,000 of which are inclosed with a a barbed wire fence, and has a water frontage of thirty miles. The range will freely accommodate 75,000 cattle. It has now 15,000 head.

Texas is now supposed to have a population of about 2,000,000 people. Of the cities in the state Galveston, with 65,000 people is the largest. Houston has over 20,000, Fort Worth over 20,000, San Antonio more than 20,000, and there are a number of cities ranging from 10,000 to 15,000 population.

Did you ever hear of blacking boots without blacking? It is done here. I went on board the American war ship Essex the other evening and saw the operation. A banana skin is used, and with good effect. I thought at first that the rind simply served to moisten blacking which had been previously applied, but I was assured that the shoes of the officers aboard had not seen any blacking since the ship came here, quite a number of weeks ago. I throw this hint gratuitously for the benefit of the American bootblacks.—*Canton Letter.*

The wife of Attorney General Brewster is described as "perhaps the handsomest woman of the Cabinet circle. She has a plump, unwrinkled face, a rich growth of silvery hair, and a pleasant smile. She was a daughter of Robert J. Walker, at one time secretary of the treasury, and after an unhappy marriage with a Frenchman she was employed in the treasury department. Her husband having died, Brewster married her, and the two are most happily mated."

Recently we were shown a curiosity in the shape of a quilt. It is called the "Grandmother Bowers Album Quilt." It was gotten up as a family record of the Bowers family, beginning at Polly Bowers, the mother of Job Bowers, and quilted just after the war. It gives a complete list of the children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren up to the time it was quilted. The squares are cut to represent trees. The first tree has thirteen limbs, with a flower at the top of each limb, and a child's name in each flower. And so on to the fourth generation. The total number at the time the quilt was finished was 244.—*Georgia Sun.*

Professor Reuger, on feeding his monkeys, in Paraguay, with eggs, observed that at first they smashed them and then wasted much of their contents; but they soon learned to hit one end against some hard body and pick off the bits with their paws, and if they cut themselves once with any sharp tool they would either not touch it again or handle it with the greatest caution. Lumps of sugar were given them wrapped up in paper, and sometimes a live wasp was put in to try them, so that in hastily opening the paper they got stung; but after this had once occurred they always held the packet to their ears to detect any movement.

Perhaps the most curious battalion in an army is the Norwegian Corps of Skaters. It is composed of picked men armed with rifles, which they use with great precision. The skates used are admirably adapted for traveling over rough and broken ice and frozen snow, being six inches broad and between nine and ten inches long. The soldiers can be maneuvered upon ice or over the snow fields of the mountains with a rapidity equal to that of the best-trained cavalry. As an instance of the speed at which they can go, it is stated that a messenger attached to the corps has accomplished 120 miles in eighteen hours and a half, over mountains.

Kate Field is very angry at Felt, a Mormon elder. He once told her, in Boston, that no Mormon practiced polygamy without the consent of the first wife; that women did not object to polygamy, and that polygamous families were filled with the spirit of peace. She finds, on visiting Salt Lake City, that his matrimonial career is not proof of happiness incidental to celestial marriage. She declares that when he said that women never complained of polygamy and lived harmoniously in it he quite forgot his mother's experience, that of his father's plural wives, and lost sight of his own second wife's broken spirit.

Leland Stanford offers Gen. Grant and his family a home as long as he lives.